A

DIALOGUE,

Between a depending COURTIER, who would have sacrific'd the *Chastity* of his WIFE to a certain GREAT MAN, in hopes of *Preferment*, and his Virtuous LADY, who was avers'd to a *Compliance*.

To which is ADDED,

Moral REFLECTIONS thereon.

DUBLIN:

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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WIFE.

MY Dear, what makes my Lord his Viſits pay
So oft? For he was here again To-day,
Teazing my Ears with ſuch reſpectful Praiſe,
I know not what he means by what he ſays:
Sometimes he treats me with a Love-Intrigue,
Then gazing on my Face, he flirts his Wig;

Walks too and fro the Room, then down he ſits,
Pauſes and ſighs, as if beſide his Wits:
Sometimes he ſmiles, and compliments me high,
And oft does into frantick Raptures fly;
Then, riſing from his Seat, he ſprings in Haſte,
Forces a Kiſs, and hugs me round the Waſte;
Then down he ſets me, rubs againſt my Knees,
Preſſes my Breaſt, and gives my Hand a Squeeze,
Tells me how much my Beauty he admires,
Talks of Love-Paſſions, and of am'rous Fires,
Wiſhing his own young Lady could but bleſs
His Bed with half the Charms that I poſſeſs.
With ſuch like Flatt'ries does he ſtuff my Ears,
As if he meant t'affront me with his Jeers;
Nor can I rude or diſreſpectful be,
Becauſe I'm ſo beneath his Quality;
Next, 'cauſe I know that you ſo much depend
Upon his Honour, as your only Friend;
Therefore what Meaſures I ſhall uſe pray tell,
For I am apt to fear he means not well.

Husband.

I know he loves you; I have heard him ſwear,
Of all your Sex, you're moſt divinely fair;
And that he thinks me happy in a Wife,
Whoſe Charms are fit to bleſs a Monarch's Life.

Whene'er

Whene'er he asks me kindly how you do,
His tender Manners does his Paſſion ſhew,
And when he walks, and talks to me aſide,
He ne'er forgets his Wiſhes to my Bride;
Makes you the Object of his fond Deſires,
And ſeems to whiſper what his Love requires;
For I have often heard him ſigh, and cry,
He'd give the World to be as bleſs'd as I;
Then vowing much Reſpect for you and me,
Would ſwear I ſhould 'ere long his Friendſhip feel.
In ſhort, he does for you ſuch Love expreſs,
That what he means, you cannot chuſe but gueſs.

Wife.

With how much Patience you conceive his Flame,
And to my glowing Ears convey the ſame,
As if you thought it, like a ſhameful Cow'rd,
An Honour to be rival'd by a Lord?
How could you hear his odious Love expreſs'd,
And keep your Sword from his adult'rous Breaſt;
Or tamely liſſen to a treach'rous Friend,
Who does the Beauty of your Wife commend
In ſuch an odious Manner, as to ſhew
His Luſt for her, and his Contempt of you?

You talk as calmly of his looſe Deſires,
As if you'd have me grant what he requires;
And that, for Reaſons to yourſelf beſt known,
You'd pimp for her the Laws have made your own.
Prithee, my Dear, the Myſtery diſcloſe,
And let me know what he or you propoſe?
If to your Lordly Friend you prove ſo kind,
You ought to firſt acquaint me with your Mind;
For when a Woman's Honour lies at Stake,
'Tis fit you ſhould to her the Secret break.

Husband.

You know, my Dear, that he's a pow'rful Man,
Great in Eſtate, and high in the Divan;
Behind the Curtain turns the grand Machine,
Puts others out, and who he pleaſes in:
Who therefore would not make one Step awry,
To win the Smiles of ſuch a Friend thereby,
Who, by thoſe Favours he would gladly ſpare,
Can make us much more happy than we are?
Beſides, my Dear, you may reſign your Charms
With ſo much Conduct to his longing Arms,
That no diſcerning Eye can trace your Love,
Or watch the happy Minutes you improve;
And whilſt our Vices are conceal'd from Fame,
We enjoy the Pleaſure, but Eſcape the Shame.

Who then would ſuch a lucky Hour deny,
And looſe the Proſpect of ſuch wealthy Joy;
When, by a trifling Sin, to th'World unknown,
With Care repeated, unſuſpected done,
We may, perhaps, advance our meaner State,
And riſe from narrow Fortunes to be great?

Wife.

Well ſaid, my patient Spouſe, I'm glad to find
You'll grant your Wife ſuch Licenſe to be kind:
Since you conſent, I ſhould adorn your Brows,
And, for your Int'reſt, break my nuptial Vows.
I hope you'll give me Leave to pleaſe my Mind
With thoſe I like, when I am ſo inclin'd:
If I for Profit may unfold my Arms,
Sure, for my Pleaſure, I may uſe my Charms;
For ſhe that's wicked to ſupport her Pride,
When Love appears, muſt yield to be enjoy'd.
But ſure, my Dear, you only talk to try
How far vain Hopes would bring me to comply;
And whether I'd be forward to defile
My nuptial Honour, for a Courtier's Smile.
Such awkward Counſel ſurely muſt ariſe,
From ſome conceal'd Miſtruſts or Jealouſies:
I fancy that you only importune
Your Wife to what you think's already done;

Therefore I beg you to be free and plain,
That I may truly know what 'tis you mean.

Husband.

By all that's ſacred, I have no Deſign,
But what's for both your Benefit and mine.
Would you ſurrender what my Lord would take,
I ſhould fare well for my Dorinda's Sake;
To high Preferments I ſhould quickly riſe,
And Jems would ſparkle round your beauteous Eyes;
Yet with due Care you might your Honour keep,
And in his Arms with Reputation ſleep;
For I myſelf can cover the Diſgrace,
And give your ſecret Joys an honeſt Face;
Guard you from prying Servants, 'till he's cloid,
That what you do may common Fame avoid.
The other Day a Captain in the Hoſt,
By the ſame means obtain'd a higher Poſt:
Why therefore will you keep me at a Stand,
When your kind Charms may Wealth and Pow'r com-
(mand?

Wife.

You're ſerious then, I find you're well agreed
My Lord ſhould ſhare the Pleaſures of your Bed;
That your fair Wife ſhould proſtitute her Charms,
And with adult'ry ſtain her vertuous Arms;

Adorn

Adorn your Forehead with an odious Creſt,
And make you ev'ry Beau and Blockhead's Jeſt.
Nobly reſolv'd, and courteouſly adviſ'd!
Am I oblig'd, or do you think ſurpriz'd,
To hear ſuch Counſel from a Husband's Mouth,
Whoſe Happineſs ſhould center in my Truth?
Bleſs me! was ever ſuch a gen'rous Spouſe,
Who, to endear his Friend, not onl' allows,
But courts his Wife to hornify his Brows!

Husband.

Fear not the Pleaſures you may thus beſtow,
Since none beſides ourſelves the Secret know.
My Lord's a Man of Honour, and diſdains
To boaſt the happy Favours he obtains.
Since you have my Conſent to freely grant
The utmoſt Joys his eager Soul can want;
And when your Husband's Welfare does depend
Upon your Kindneſs to his only Friend,
And you have my Command to yield a part
Of your Delights, to eaſe another's Heart;
It then becomes your Duty to reſign,
And, if a Sin, it is not yours, but mine.
Woman in all things ſhould her Lord obey;
And if, by my Advice, you go aſtray,
It is not you that err, but I that lead the Way.

Wife.

Wife.

The Wife's a Subject to her Spouſe, 'tis true,
And I allow that I am ſo to you;
But if a Husband ſhall preſume ſo far,
As to command his lawful Wife to err,
And ſhe's convinc'd, that what her Spouſe enjoins,
Is juſtly rank'd amongſt the worſt of Sins;
If ſhe complies with your obſcene Command,
Guilty with you ſhe equally muſt ſtand;
For human Pow'rs all lawful Bounds exceed,
When they require what Heaven's Laws forbid.

Husband.

Prithee, dear Fool, be not ſo nicely coy,
When both our Int'reſt tempts you to the Joy.
The Thoughts of Wealth ſhould ſtem your female fears,
All things ſhould bow, when ſov'reign Gold appears:
The very Prieſt, who painfully inſtil
Thoſe pious Rules, that triumph o'er your Will,
When Int'reſt beckons, will the Text profane,
And change their Doctrine many Ways for Gain;
Princes themſelves, whoſe Royal Faces ſhine
Thro' their whole Kingdoms on their glitt'ring Coin,
Shew, by imprinting of their Image there,
What Reverence to mighty Gold they bear;

And,

And, to compleat their Treaſures, will comply
With wond'rous things unknown to you or I;
Such that would make us ſtartle, could we peep
Within thoſe Royal Curtains where they ſleep.
In ſhort, all Virtue, tho' 'tis ne'er ſo nice,
Stoops to the pleaſing Joys of wealthy Vice,
Only the Great put on a better Face,
And gild their Lewdneſs with a nobler Grace;
Why then ſhould ſtubborn virtue diſagree
With ſuch a proſp'rous Opportunity,
And looſe the Bleſſings you might now improve
By ſecret Dalliance, and diſſembl'd Love?

Wife.

Shame on your baſe and treacherous Advice;
I ſcorn your Dictates, and your Lord deſpiſe:
Nor ſhall ſo tame a Wretch, that would ſeduce
Your Wife, for Int'reſt, to another's Uſe,
And court me thus to proſtitue my Charms
To ſuch a faithleſs Friend's adult'rous Arms,
E'er bed me more; For I abhor the Thought
Of loving ſuch a Brute, or proving naught,
To gratify the baſe ignoble End
Of ſuch an odious Spouſe, or hateful Friend.
Bluſh at your Crime, and curſe your wretched Life,
For aiming to betray ſo juſt a Wife,

Whoſe

Whoſe Blood untainted, chills in ev'ry Vein,
That Nature ſhould produce ſo vile a Man.
Who could, with Patience, hear his Friend impart
Such Wiſhes, and not ſtab him to the Heart?
The gen'rous Bull his luſtful Rival gores,
Aſſaults him boldly with his utmoſt Force,
Defends his Herd, that they may conſtant prove,
And ſcorns his Fellow-Beaſt ſhould ſhare their Love.
The noble Horſe will, for his Female, fight
His grazing Neighbour that invades his Right;
Diſdains his Miſtreſs ſhould to others yield:
Whilſt his ſtrong Hooſs can guard her in the Field.
The meaneſt Brute that moves upon the Ground,
The Cat, the Rat, the very Hare, or Hound,
All ſtruggle hard, and ſhew their zealous Care,
That none ſhall in their Mate's Conceſſions ſhare.
The Dung-hill Cock will make his Rival feel
The pointed Fury of his armed Heel,
And, tho' a Coward, yet he'll dare his Fate,
T'ingroſs the Favours of his feather'd Mate.
But thou, vile Wretch, more Brutiſh far than they
Wouldſt thy own Wife to others Arms betray,
Induce her to be oudiouſly unjuſt,
And make thy ſelf a Pander to her Luſt.
Shame on thy treach'rous and ignoble Mind,
And the foul Heart of thy laſcivious Friend.

Go tell the vicious Rake, the Garter'd Fool,
My Virtue ſcorns to be a Lord's Cloſe-ſtool.
Bid him go ſearch the Brothels, and the Stage,
Where mercenary Sluts for Gold engage;
Or, in the Ev'ning, range the Airy Parks,
Where jilting Ladies meet their brawny Sparks:
There let him breath forth his obſcene Deſires
To thoſe that like to quench ſuch luſtful Fires;
Adult'rous Dames of Quality, who burn
For ſuch as he to ſerve their odious Turn.
Tell him from me, that I deſpiſe and hate
His Pomp, his Pow'r, his Perſon, and Eſtate,
And ſooner would conſent to ſpend my Life
In a mean Hut, ſome honeſt Shepherd's Wife:
Than ſacrifice my Virtue and my Charms
To his, or to a King's adult'rous Arms;
For the chaſt Woman, in the meaneſt State,
Enjoys more Comfort than the vicious Great.
As for your Part, I'll fly from your Embrace;
I hate a Wretch ſo infamouſly baſe:
I'll to my Rural Friends with ſpeed retire,
Tell them the kind Conceſſions you require,
That they may know how far your gen'rous Mind
Is to my Welfare and your own inclin'd.
No more, falſe Man, ſhall you enjoy a Smile
From her, in vain you've labour'd to beguile;

For what juſt Wife, that has been kind and chaſt,
Would hug a treach'rous Serpent in her Breaſt,
Who's Love's ſo little, and his Pride ſo great,
That he'd defile her Charms to live in State?
Farewel, I'll date my Hatred from this time,
And leave you to repent your ſhameful Crime.

Husband.

May Hell and Fury follow where ſhe goes,
Since her nice Virtue ſuch Reſentment ſhews;
And if I find, that ſhe in ſpite declares
The Secret I've imparted to her Ears,
(For Wives can ſeldom from their Sex conceal
What their own Pride excites 'em to reveal)
Then, in Revenge, I'll ſay, I only try'd
Her Virtue, and aver, that ſhe comply'd,
And that I turn'd her off, becauſe I found
My jealous conflicts had ſufficient Ground;
Vow that I lov'd, whilſt ſhe was kind and good,
And, tho' I think her chaſt, I'll ſwear ſhe's lewd.
What I aſſert's moſt likely to prevail,
Whilſt few will credit her prepoſt'rous Tale;
For who can think a Husband ſuch a Brute,
To court his Wife to grant ſo ſtrange a Suit,
As to become another's Proſtitute?

Mor al

Moral REFLECTIONS on the foregoing Dialogue.

THO' good Men ſcarce believe there's ſuch
A wicked Brute in Nature,
That would endeavour to debauch
His lawful Wife or Daughter,
Yet ſure it is, that many riſe
To profitable Places,
'Cauſe their Wives yield, by their Advice,
To greater Men's Embraces:
He who a handſome Wife can boaſt,
That's free of her Endearments,
If he'll be horn'd, to gain a Poſt,
Need never fear Preferments.
The Great, who gratify each Guſt,
Are prompt by their Exceſſes,
To humour their inſatiate Luſt
With new inviting Faces.

The Coward oft has Captain's Pay,
And makes the State his Bubble,
Because his Wife has found the Way
To please some gouty Noble;
In short, could Men of Virtue see
The Evils done in private,
They'd blush at modern Quality,
And wonder what they drive at.

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